

the candidate attains the age of 35 is an excellent provision to insure at least an attempt to gain higher qualifications.

Most teachers will be ashamed to note the insertion of the two words *once only* in Article 29. The need for them is a clear intimation that the advertising teacher has been plying his shameless trade and swelling his number of merit certificates by presenting the same pupils time after time.

Under Article 70 (b) we find an increase in the demands made from pupil teachers who seek to present leaving certificates as exempting from the inspector's examination. Such pupil teachers must now have a certificate in needlework. On the other hand, the demand for the Leaving Certificate in Mathematics has now been commuted to a Higher Arithmetic for boys and a Lower for girls. This concession, according to Article 70 (d) b, extends to candidates for Queen's Scholarships and Studentships, but (probably by an oversight) the remark about Higher Arithmetic does not appear in Articles 95 and 96. Indeed, the only changes in Articles 95 and 96 consist in extending the wording of the former Article, and in adding to both the important words, 'and in the case of girls of needlework.' This addition has no connection with the recommendation of Mr. Andrew in the recent Blue Book, that girls in Ex-VI, who are mainly taken up with secondary work, should be relieved from most of the present sewing requirements. It rather aims at the new class of candidates for the pupil-teachership that recent regulations are likely to encourage. Candidates who come from Secondary Schools are usually much better up in the literary subjects than are the pupil teachers trained in the old-fashioned way, but the case is usually reversed in the matter of sewing, and the new regulation seems meant to secure that this important subject shall not be neglected. The Mistress in a school must not only know how to sew, she must be able to teach sewing in the newer collective method if she is to hold her own. The question arises. Who is to give this 'satisfactory report in needlework' that Candidates under Articles 95 (a) and 96 (b) must now obtain? The natural inference from the context is that the ordinary H.M. Inspector is to be the certificate-giver. Is it not time that this farce of sewing examination were ended? Students in training are assumed to know the elements of needlework before entering college, and certain advanced ladies wish this subject removed entirely from the College Curriculum, particularly in the case of Queen's students. The Department by the addition under discussion shows that it does not share this view of the comparative insignificance of sewing. The only way to prevent sewing bulking too largely in the College Curriculum (which it certainly seems to do at present) is to ensure that candidates shall come up to College better prepared than they do. This can only be accomplished by making the pupil teacher's test of sewing as serious a matter as the subsequent test in College. The examination in this subject among the English pupil teachers is something for our Department to copy.

Coming to the Third Schedule there is really nothing at all new, since the italicised additions are only the replacing of certain requirements that seem to have been inadvertently omitted from last year's Code.

The changes in the Fourth Schedule, Subject 6 (Boys), are doubtless important to those whom they concern, but they are not of general interest. The same remark applies to the rescinded order in Appendix 2, and to the impressive minute which in Appendix 3 regulates the educational machinery of certain parishes in the counties of Ross and Inverness.

Speaking generally, so far as the Code has been changed, it has been improved.

**ENTIRELY NEW OBJECT LESSON SUPPLEMENTS, BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN COLOURS, will be presented with many of our issues during 1897. Will our Readers kindly make this known to their professional friends?**

## MODERN EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.

BY THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, B.A., B.Sc. (LOND.),  
*Author of "Mental Science and Logic for Teachers," Late Director  
of the Birchbeck Training Classes and Lecturer  
thereon on School Method.*

### XXVI.—T. G. ROOPER, H.M.I.S.

LOOKING through a recent number of an American school journal, we happened upon a closely printed two-page list of books, mostly on the art, science, and history of education. Somewhat quaintly, but none the less appropriately, this copious list of tomes was described as the Teachers' Tool-chest, and, by way of further insistence upon the indispensability of these tools, we read that 'not to know them argues yourself unknown as a teacher.' For the thoughtful teacher chafing under the empirical rule-of-thumb dicta that constitute his provision in the tool department, there is much in this list to impel him to 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,' for on the one hand, to the really earnest teacher, bent upon obtaining a respectable knowledge of his cult, such a library opens out wide possibilities, whilst on the other hand he is apt to bitterly deplore that English publishers should not cater for English teachers in the same liberal fashion as is done in the land of our cousins. Who is responsible for this blameworthy omission? Let us look into this plaint. What do 'My Lords' think about the art, theory, and history of education as an organic part of a teacher's equipment? For answer look to the training college syllabuses and you are fain to confess that the powers that be do not set a high value upon this kind of lore, judging from the slender requirements under this head. What about the Universities? Do they encourage the young teacher to acquaint himself with what has been done in the practice of psychology and ethics as bearing upon the education of children? Will they dub him bachelor, master, or doctor, should he attain to eminence in this most necessary branch of knowledge and practice? By no means. If he is learned in that which appertains to ministering to a body diseased, *Senatus Academicus* will inscribe his name amongst the honoured ones; but let the student be bent upon ministering to the mind diseased, or, better still, let him aim be the right fashioning of the mind and the prevention of mental disease, and with but few honourable exceptions, 'bountiful mothers' scorn his labours and withhold their approbation. Let us not wonder then at the meagre contents of our teachers' tool-chests, let us cease to express surprise that inspectors, teachers, and school authorities and controllers have but a lofty disdain for the Arnolds, the Quicks, and the Thrings who have desired to perfect pedagogy and pedagogics, with results the reverse of gratifying to themselves and their little band of disciples. Where there is no demand the supply must be limited, wherefore books on the lines of those which should be found in our tool-chests too surely spell ruin for the cautious publisher to speculate on this kind of publication. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

Turning our backs on this dismal prospect, it is indeed a pleasing experience to find men, in spite of discouragement, devoting themselves to this 'proper study of the teacher part of mankind.' Such an enthusiast we are concerned with in our sketch—a prophet, we thankfully add, not without honour even in this his own country. That he is honoured in countries other than his own is evidenced by this selfsame Tool-chest to which we have so frequently referred. Amongst classics on the 'Science of Education' in the list in question we find thirty volumes, third amongst which is placed 'Rooper's Apperception, or, A Pot of Green Feathers,' aptly and truthfully described as 'a popular presentation of Herbartian principles.' This brochure is referred to by Quicke as 'a pamphlet from which I formed a very high estimate of the writer's ability to give us some first-rate books about teaching. I mean "A Pot of Green Feathers," by T. G. Rooper.' The sweet reasonableness and fitness of this thing is very apparent when we reflect that Mr. Rooper is one of Her Majesty's

duly marked during the interval. Nothing is said as to the instruction during the interval.

**Art. 87.**—The fine for closing without intimation to the inspector is *not to exceed £1*, and it is specially remarked that 'This article is not intended to limit the discretion of managers in closing a school temporarily in the event of a sudden emergency.'

**Art. 101 (e).**—Two suitable occupations must be taken by Standards I., II., and III., when substituting these for the ordinary class subjects.

**Art. 101 (g) and (h).**—Cookery may be taken for *four* hours in any one day, and Laundry Work may be taken for *eight* hours in one and the same week, of which not more than *four* hours may be on the same day.

**Art. 101 (addition to N. B.).**—The attendances made in Cookery, Laundry Work, Dairy Work, or Cottage Gardening may on reasonable grounds be carried over from one year to the next, being of course only counted once.

**Art. 101\*** permits the payment of the grant when children from infected homes are excluded, and when such exclusion materially affects the average attendance.

**Art. 107** is provided with an addition which renders it inoperative should the Education Bill become law. This article refers to the 17s. 6d. limit.

**Art. 130** recognises Training Colleges for the Blind, and gives them a right to grants equal with ordinary Training Colleges.

**Pensions.**—As we cannot have superannuation, notwithstanding the many promises that have been made, it is good that a greater number of the 'Old Guard' should receive pensions under the 1851 Minute. This to some extent is done, and so far this is satisfactory.

	£
611 { 44 pensions of £30 each	1,320
232 pensions of £25 each	5,800
335 pensions of £20 each	6,700
	<hr/> 13,820
Donations or special gratuities (each year)	340
	<hr/> £14,160
	£
720 { 52 pensions of £30 each	1,560
277 pensions of £25 each	6,925
397 pensions of £20 each	7,940
	<hr/> 16,425
Donations or special gratuities (each year)	340
	<hr/> £16,765

The tale of emendation rounds off with modifications of the various schedules, the most important of which we have already referred to. It may be observed that where Elementary Science is taken as a Class Subject, it must now take the form of *Thirty Object Lessons*, illustrating the syllabus. There are some alterations in the building rules, giving a minimum size for a teacher's house, etc., concluding with the statement that special rooms need not be multiplied in the same district, a laboratory, laundry, or workshop doing duty for several schools in the same district.

**Instructions to Inspectors.**—These are admirable, the inspector being instructed to omit microscopic criticism, and to confine the report to a general estimate, together with specific notice of striking excellence or defect, in which matter common sense is about to triumph.

Record books and syllabuses are made for the school, and not the school for them, is the very necessary dictum laid down for the guidance of those inspectors whose souls crave for these oft-abused aids. But by far the most important addition to the instructions is that which warns against too high classification, especially in the lower standards. Teachers will be wise to make full and careful use of their Standard A, or they may find their organisation criticised as unsatisfactory. Two other points may be commented upon, and then this

article must close. In the first place, there is to be no lowering of grant without a previous warning as to a specific defect of a glaring character. The raising of grants may take place at the inspector's discretion. Secondly, those who have the instruction of pupil teachers, bearing in mind the arithmetic that was set in October last, will do well to note that 'greater attention should be given to questions demanding the exercise of intelligence and ingenuity,' which seems as though October intended to repeat itself in spite of the loud complaints of the victims.

In conclusion, we would bear our testimony to the sagacious change that has come over the spirit of code-makers, who may now truthfully say with Othello:

'I have done the state some service, and they know it.'

Teachers know it, and will be neither ungrateful nor unmindful.

## THE SCOTCH CODE FOR 1897.

IT would be wrong to say that there are no important changes in this year's code for Scotland, since every italicised word in Appendix No. 1 has a meaning and an importance for somebody: yet there is a total absence of those unpleasantly dramatic disclosures that this hateful pamphlet sometimes brings.

There are few changes and all slight, which is so far good, and all in the right direction, which is better. Certain changes are made in the interests of common sense convenience. Under Article 19 A (5), for example, it is no longer necessary to get anybody's permission to make any profession that is included under one of the schemes suggested in the note to the Fifth Schedule; while even if an original profession is made, it need go no farther than the inspector for approval.

But nearly all the italics are used up over the complicated cases of pupil teachers, Queen's scholars, and Queen's students. The picturesque ways in which one can now become qualified to teach in a state-aided school naturally lend themselves to bye-laws and by-bye-laws. The plain pupil teacher is left undisturbed: his teaching power remains standing at 25 pupils. But graduates have received a step up. It is true that they still remain equal to only two pupil teachers, but they are now freed from the humiliating company of mere 'persons over 18 years of age who have passed examinations recognised by the Department.' Those persons have been taken down from Article 79 (b) to Article 79 (c). As we note this we are apt to think of Tweedledum and Tweedledee till we remember Article 32 (c) 2, which tells us that the 'persons' have now lost a fifth part of their teaching power, and are now only reckoned as fit to deal with 40 pupils as compared with the graduates' 50. The 'persons,' however, get nearly a year's warning of their fall, since by Article 141 the change will not take effect till 1st January 1898—time enough for many of the 'persons' to acquire other qualifications.

Article 32 (c) 3 introduces us to a still more anomalous being than the 'persons' of Article 79 (c). This is the 'woman' who, under a distressing accumulation of conditions, may be accepted as the proud equivalent of a pupil teacher. We have often pondered over this woman, and had come to the conclusion that she was the Master's wife, who, to make up for the niggardliness of some remote School Board, spent her days in trying to satisfy a fair proportion of the conditions of Article 32 (c) 3. This theory has received a rude blow from the 1897 addition, 'Not more than one woman qualified under this section can be recognised in each school.'

What a tale of rural School Board parsimony is told by the mere fact that such an addition has been found necessary! Yet the other side of the question must not be neglected. Many remote School Boards are sorely troubled, in these days of limited teaching supply, to get anyone at all for the work. This the Department is fully alive to, as is shown by the changes in Article 60, which increase the teaching power of certain candidates for the sole charge of small country schools. The *ipso facto* cancelling of those temporary certificates when

Inspectors of Schools. We venture to assert that the just dissatisfaction of teachers with the appointment of non-teachers to the Inspectorate would lose its point were there more Roopers amongst Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. But in this matter Mr. Rooper is but as a voice crying in the wilderness. He is one of the very small band of exceptions who prove but too true the rule that school inspectors in England have no part or lot in bringing about the betterment which will express itself in a universal demand for a well-filled teachers' tool-chest.

Mr. Rooper was born at Abbott's Ripton Rectory, in the year 1847. In connection with his early life are one or two circumstances which, looked at from the point of view of his present position and bent of mind, will bear out the old saw that 'what is learned in the cradle lasts till the grave.'

In the first place, both his grandfather and his father paid much attention to the education of the children of the village.

Secondly, he, at the age of nine years, went to a private school at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, taught by Rev. J. O. Seager, who, besides being a good scholar, took much trouble to encourage in his pupils a taste for natural history.

In the third place, after passing through Harrow School, where Mr. Rooper came under the influence of Dr. Butler, he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where his studies were chiefly directed by the late Professor Thomas Hill Green, who in 1864 served as Assistant Commissioner under the Schools Inquiry Commission and contributed a valuable report on the schools of Staffordshire and Warwickshire—who, himself a profound and devoted student of the philosophy of Hegel, may be said to have founded the Hegelian school at Oxford—who took the leading part in the foundation of the Oxford High School for Boys, and who never tired in his efforts to break down the ancient barriers between the University and the City. Reading between the above lines, we shall not be surprised that Mr. Rooper was impelled towards teaching when, after leaving Oxford in 1870, it became necessary for him to choose a profession. But before actually starting upon his chosen career the author of '*A Pot of Green Feathers*' went for a time to the land where pedagogy flourishes like a green bay tree—viz., to Germany.

In 1878 Mr. Rooper's career as a teacher came to an end, and his work as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors began, at first in Northumberland, where he spent five years, at the end of which he was transferred to the Bradford district, where for thirteen years he laboured for the good of education. How successfully this labour was achieved, and how well Mr. Rooper played that most important yet oftentimes neglected part of the inspector's rôle—to wit, that of guide, philosopher, and friend to the teachers in his district—may readily be learnt from any teacher who was fortunate enough to listen to and profit from the many truly luminous and thought-provoking addresses that the Bradford inspector from time to time delivered to the assembled teachers. In this propaganda—for it cannot be otherwise described than as the preaching of new doctrines—Mr. Rooper was ably seconded by his professional colleagues, so that when, after thirteen years' work in the West Riding District, Mr. Rooper was transferred to Southampton, grass was the reglet of Bradford and no less was the gain of Hampshire.

But the regret of the Bradford teachers has been to some extent at least diminished by the appearance of '*School and Home Life*,\*' wherein Mr. Rooper sets out his thoughts and suggestions, so that now they have a permanent reminder of the teacher whose doings and sayings were so appreciated, and who being absent yet speaks not less eloquently nor less wisely because by the written instead of the oral word. We also, not of Bradford, may benefit from the teachings of this student of pedagogues and pedagogy, nor does it take long to discover that Quicke's prescience has been more than justified in this excellent book on teaching. We recommend every teacher who honours us by a perusal of this article, to add '*School and Home Life*' to his tool-chest, and we proceed to examine, of necessity but superficially, some of the good things that Mr. Rooper has provided for the delectation of his readers.

Thriving of Uppington—than whom no more sagacious schoolman has existed from the days of Socrates down to Herbert Spencer—never tired of thundering out in characteristically impulsive way 'Education is not cram but character.' No worthier battle-cry for the educational reformer could possibly be conceived, and accordingly we find Mr. Rooper opening his campaign by discussing that prime need which must be most acutely felt by every earnest teacher—viz., the need for the earnest inculcation of reverence.

To make clear what he means by this, he cites the well-known illustration of Goethe, who tells us of 'a few children who are being educated upon an unusual system. Sometimes they stand, having their arms crossed on their breasts, and looking up to heaven with gladness; sometimes they turn their eyes to earth, smiling and keeping their hands crossed behind their backs as if tied there; while in a third kind freely they run together, stand side by side, and look straight before them.' In this way are they taught reverence. 'To begin with, the young child crosses his arms on his breast and casts a joyous look heavenwards. That action indicates reverence for what is above him. Next the children learn to cross their hands behind their backs, as if bound, and incline their faces earthwards. This action indicates reverence for earth, and

reminds them of two things: firstly, the earth is the source of life and happiness; and, secondly, that it is also the source of infinite misery, for from the earth arise pain and sorrow . . . In these two stages of our training the children are taught to stand alone and apart; but in the third stage they join each other side by side, as comrades, and, thus united, look straight before them, facing the world with a bold front. Until man has learnt to associate with other men for a common purpose, there prevails between him and his fellows nothing but suspicion and mistrust.' This thinly-veiled parable is made the text upon which is delivered a stirring appeal to teachers, who are exhorted to teach first, foremost, and always *patriotism, civic life, beauty, and the Christian life*; nor are signs wanting to indicate the flow of public opinion in this greatly to be desired direction.

'Bad Bringing Up' is the subject of Chapter II., which leads to Chapter III., '*A Pot of Green Feathers*', the charm of which can scarcely be overrated. A pupil-teacher is giving a lesson

\* '*School and Home Life*,' by T. G. Rooper, M.A., H.M.I.S., Hull : Brown & Son.

with a pot of ferns, and, whilst exhibiting the object to the gaze of the children, asks if any child can say what it is that she holds before them. The only response to this question comes from a little girl, who says 'A pot of green feathers'! The teacher apologises for the poor little girl, who 'knows no better'; but the inspector fails a-thinking on this answer, and is at length enabled to present to the world of parents and teachers as neat a little treatise on the what and how of perception as can be desired, wherein is set out how far the senses are the gateways of knowledge, to what extent old knowledge may condition new, and how the mind is affected whilst this assimilation of the new with the old is taking place. Happily expressed and truthfully conceived, as this little gem of pedagogic lore undoubtedly is, it is small wonder that here and on the other side of the Atlantic it has been received as a masterpiece *in pecto*. In these days of compulsory object-teaching the wise words of a master should be eagerly perused. Such words are to be found in Chapter III. At the outset the difference between object-teaching and language or information lessons is made clear, and the reader is led to the just conclusion that 'the main business of the object-teacher is to enable the learner to form correct impressions, and there is no more important branch of instruction.' After a discussion of the formation of the general notion starting from the perception of the individual, comes the truthful declaration that 'good object-teaching leads to (1) accurate perception, (2) accurate description, for which we must (a) divide the object into parts and (b) relate the parts into the whole. To furnish the child with a method of acquiring knowledge for himself—this is the aim of object-teaching,' according to Mr. Rooper, and, we venture to add, according also to common sense. Thus the wise teacher will attach more importance to the act of observation than to the amount of knowledge to be got from his lessons, and, lest the reader may say 'Impossible!' Mr. Rooper gives several outline lessons, to which we cannot do more than draw attention.

Drawing in infant schools is next dealt with, the most important part of the chapter being that which cries down the practice of permitting children to draw objects in distorted perspective. Mr. Rooper rightly claiming that an obstructive association, difficult to remove later on, is inevitably set up. The difficulties of object drawing, especially in respect to 'foreshortening,' receive adequate treatment, the advice given being to encounter the difficulty boldly from the onset by setting even little children to draw from objects. Some curious errors, arising from the inherent difficulty of expressing the three dimensions of objects within the two dimensions of the paper, are interesting reading, and will encourage teachers of model drawing to persevere in their efforts and not to expect too great progress in this direction. The cardinal defect of drawing, viz. mal-observation, comes under special notice, and the teacher will agree with Mr. Rooper that 'the aim of the teacher should be to help the scholar to use his eyes to a better purpose.'

The two next sections cannot fail to charm, as they vividly afford information as to the practices and penances of our German and French *confrères*, and this, too, from the mouths of themselves. Tribute is paid to the work of Matthew Arnold, and to Messrs. Wild and Davis in this connection, and then we see the German teacher as pictured by his inspector, as painted by himself, and as portrayed by friends and foes in the press and in parliament, the perusal of which is bound to result in mixed feelings of alternate commiseration and envy. In dealing with France Mr. Rooper very deftly dovetails an account of what he saw at the French Exhibition into a comprehensive survey of French education, which again is interesting and instructive to a degree. Next in order comes a dissertation on the 'organisation of education,' upon which peg Mr. Rooper hangs some pregnant remarks, the sum and substance of which may, perhaps, be expressed as follows: (1) a study of medieval schools shows that all modern reforms were more or less nebulously foreshadowed; (2) that it is fatal to the weal of a school for it to be disconnected and isolated from those above it and those below it, which points a moral not fully appreciated even at the end of the nineteenth century.

'Lyonesse' is a charming section of a quasi-biographical

nature, setting out strongly the loyalty that Mr. Rooper feels towards his *alma mater*, and discussing 'Home versus Education at a Public School.' That, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the really good public school trains a boy more effectually than can be done at home, has been accepted since the days of Tom Brown and his master, Dr. Arnold, which view of the case is upheld by Mr. Rooper, with whom, however, we cannot agree as to the wisdom of flogging. We pass over several chapters, not willingly but simply because space forbids a more lengthy examination of Mr. Rooper's opinions. In discussing the modern training of girls, Mr. Rooper is all in favour of an increasingly liberal education, both mental and physical. Like Mr. Goldsbury in Gilbert's *Utopia*, our reformer bails with delight the change that has come over the physical training of an English girl, rejoicing that

'She golfs, she punts, she rows, she swims—  
She plays, she sings, she dances too.'

and it is evident that Mr. Goldsbury's ecstatic description finds echo in the desires of Mr. Rooper—

'A wonderful joy our eyes to bless,  
In her magnificent comeliness,  
Is an English girl of eleven stone two,  
And five foot ten in her dancing shoe.'

One of the most thoughtful sections in the whole book is that dealing with the 'Methods of teaching children between seven and nine years of age.' Every teacher of experience admits the great difference between the infant school training of a child and that which he receives in the lower standards of the upper school. Mr. Rooper is but fair when he adds to his expression of this truth words which exonerate teachers from the blame attaching to this defect: 'I do not blame the teachers for the meagre education which was long given in the lower standards, for under the system by which the Government contracted to pay a fixed sum of money for every child that the teachers could raise to a certain minimum standard of efficiency, it was impossible for them to attempt a varied programme of studies.' He goes on to add that we have changed all that now, and in so doing he but voices the flattering tale ever told by Hope. The evil that systems do, as well as that done by men, lives after them, and the time is not yet when inspectors will allow, or teachers use, that fulness of liberty which will enable them to avoid 'the hammer, hammer, hammer on the hard high road of the three R's.' But for the curriculum so ably mapped out by Mr. Rooper for the children from seven to nine, we have nothing but the highest praise. For this alone the book is worthy of profound study, and we heartily commend it to the earnest attention of those whose aim it is to be the wisest and best amongst their fellows. How liberal is Mr. Rooper's interpretation of our duty to the youngest of Young England may be gathered partly from what follows:—'No school should be without its aquarium or its vivarium, and the class may be relied upon to bring, when required, cats or rabbits or doves to illustrate special lessons.' The only other chapter that can be noticed in this short and necessarily imperfect account of the reforms advocated by our author is that on 'Handwork in Education.'

That handwork is an absolute necessity, not only for *muscle* but for *mind*, is a conclusion to which one is very forcibly impelled after reading Mr. Rooper's digest of Dr. J. Crichton Browne's evidence in this direction; moreover, this exercise is necessary more especially between the ages of *four* and *fourteen*. In its earlier stages it may consist of cardboard work and modelling in clay, but the almost impassioned plea for Sloyd with which 'School and Home Life' concludes leaves little doubt as to the form that handwork would take had Mr. Rooper the 'wishing-exp.' The effect of handwork is physical, mental and moral, is the further contention of our author, who further claims that it should constitute a part of the ordinary school work to be performed in the ordinary school hours. Any attempt to teach a trade is severely and categorically condemned as shortsighted and uneducational, whereas handwork should aim at developing into a complementary and supplementary part of the great educational purpose observed by a rightly organised and conducted school. Merely joint-making, as practised in so many schools, produces dexterity, but is barren of discipline—a hard saying,

likely to cause much heart-searching amongst the many ardent advocates of this form of handwork, which commands itself to South Kensington and to many zealous equally enthusiastic with Mr. Rooper in developing manual exercises.

For a more complete exposition of the views of Mr. Rooper, we must refer our readers to the book to which we are indebted for the information upon which is based this article. Within the four hundred and eighty pages of this work are many kernel sayings which we have omitted with regret, and many topics—such as Evening Schools and Art in Schools—that we have reluctantly passed over. We hope, nevertheless, that we have said enough to demonstrate how ardently and how intelligently this new addition to the Reformers' Corner has worked to further the good cause of educational reform, and how well he has won his spurs, which no one, we are convinced, will more worthily wear.

## A TEACHER'S VISIT TO GREECE.

### 1.

'YESTERDAY was the most memorable and critical day in the history of modern Greece'—these were the words of a London daily less than a week ago. And the crisis still continues, and all eyes are still turned towards the little country, watching with admiration the gallant attempts it is making to free the people of Crete from their abominable oppressors, the Turks. Two-thirds of the sufferers are Greeks, who for more than two centuries have been held as tightly under the heel of the tyrant as the Greeks of the mainland were for three centuries. About the year 1825 the state of things for the latter became so intolerable that nothing less than annihilation seemed intended. And all Europe looked on then, as now, but did little more till our own poet Byron shamed England, at least, out of further inaction, and a blow was struck and Greece was free. Had Crete been included in that emancipation, the last seventy years of its sufferings would have been avoided, and the land with the biggest navy in the world would have had the appropriate honour of saving that little classic island, whose king Minos in the far-off depths of the past, created the first navy the world had seen. Perhaps that honour may yet be ours. However, the purpose of this paper is not politics, but merely to describe a delightful holiday which the writer, set free from school, was enabled to spend in Greece. From the present moment backwards to the dawn of history, the land of the Hellenes has had a fascination all its own. And why? Doubtless because from it germinated all our ideas of science and of art. The learning of the Egyptian, had it found any other *via media*, would scarcely have suited our national genius as it has done. We are what we are because Greece was what it was. Philosophy has often wondered why the greatness of its men was in such remarkable inverse proportion to the smallness of its area, and philosophy will continue to wonder till psychology arrives at perfection, some day, to solve this riddle, but the secret will not be ours. The attraction of mystery will for us ever fasten to the country which gave Homer and Sappho to the world of song, and Plato and Aristotle to the world of thought. The last two are said to divide every successive generation of men between them. No wonder we all wish to tread where their feet have trod, and to walk under skies which covered them, and to climb the hills which stand to day as seen by them. And fortunately, even to limited purses, this is now possible. You can start from the Holborn Viaduct, that very distinctly western spot of our modern western world, and you can end your return journey there, but in the meanwhile you will have felt yourself to have lived through the most wonderful ages the world has seen, and amongst its most wonderful men.

When your outward journey has commenced you are in a hurry to be at the end of it, and so you hasten on from Ostend, which seems almost next door to London, to Brussels—and if the King of the Belgians is not in the same train, make a note of it; be seen for ever on the wing between his Ostend villa and his metropolitan palace. After one night in the

dog-disturbed little capital, you make for Bâle, then for Milan, after which nothing but beauty awaits you. Hour after hour the train runs on, bounded on the right by the Apennines, and on the left by the Adriatic; the mists of the mountains, more beautiful than any artist's copy of them, the sapphire sea, the long lines of orange, of lemon, and of olive trees, succeed each other without a break till night draws on and shuts them from the view, and leaves one wondering whether the day has been only a dream and this the reality. Arrived at Brindisi near midnight and pacing its electric lighted streets, accompanied by the little urchins who have awaited the train hoping for chance coppers, the traveller feels tired enough to welcome the little boat which lies ready to convey him to the steamer beyond. This will be his home for the next thirty hours and more, and he does well to forget the engmes and go to sleep till daybreak; a hiatus between the beauty of yesterday and that of the coming morrow, which enhances each. Early on deck, with the help of a guide-book we find it pleasant work to identify the classic spots which the boat passes, till by-and-by, picturesque, white, and ancient, Corfu comes into sight. Up crowd the little boats to take off the passengers to the island. And what a tremendous chattering the dark-eyed boatmen make, and how bright is the red fez they wear; each man wants to crowd his own boat to the exclusion of the others, and is ready to take by force the bewildered passenger. Of the writer's party, one seemed in danger of leaving some of his limbs in more than one boat, and we were quite relieved to find him whole when we reached the land. And here fresh surprises awaited us—the characters of the Greek language were not unfamiliar in time-honoured classics or in the Greek Testament, but to see them in the name of a proprietor over a little shop on this side of a street, and over there on a big poster advertising the virtues of somebody's pill, was just a trifle like playing with dignity. We entered the bazaar, and saw things that made us feel a long way from home, and then in a carriage we drove to that romantic spot where Ulysses first saw Nausicaa in those primitive days when a princess did the family washing by the side of the sea. The road to this was bordered by *cacti* more than ten feet high, and yet withal there was a certain something everywhere that bespoke the British occupation of the place previous to the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece in 1864. Nor did we fail to remember that Mr. Gladstone, with reference to that event, had come here in 1858. But time was short, and the captain was expecting us back, and so once more we glided over the sunlit waves to find an accession to our numbers on board. There stood Greek priests wearing brimless hats whilst the sun was pouring down upon them; we asked the reason, and were told this was an enforcement of the Turk during his hated rule. Shade being essential to the health of the eye, the shade was forbidden. It seems curious this law should continue in use so long after freedom has been obtained, and would be incomprehensible had we not learned much nearer home how strong a thing is habit. And there crouched on the deck were a number of Albanian shepherds, with hooded coats of fleece, and skirts like ballet girls' containing from twelve to thirty yards of white calico pleated into a band. They were amusing themselves by a game of chance, and when night stopped the play, they huddled together and slept soundly under the starlit sky.

Early next morning the stopping of the engines told us we were at Patras, and soon we stepped ashore to find currants here, currants there, and currants everywhere. The houses were white, the dust was white, and the men who drew the vehicles through the streets were white. We seemed now to be in the East, and were not surprised to learn that the natives spoke of the party as people 'from Europe' and regarded themselves as Orientals. We went outside the town, and from a full-side watched women, dressed much as their very great-grandmothers of Homer's time might have dressed, tending the currant vines. The men, also, beside these women in veil and tunic, were in old-time garb; the poorer people everywhere are the last to relinquish national characteristics; and the ploughs these men were driving differed only slightly from those in use when the siege of Troy was making history. In this town of currants, this very busy port, there seems to be a contest going on between the old, old past and the customs of to-day, but we think to-day will be the victor. As

the train was entered one could not but believe the railway will one day level all the differences of all the nations. George Stephenson did more than invent the locomotive, although he knew it not. Before we were far from the town we cast a last look at Missolonghi, where Byron died, and where his death-day is still annually commemorated. Greece, next to Switzerland, is the most mountainous country of Europe, and as you proceed to Corinth you recall all the pretty little myths that hang about these hills which are never out of sight. By-and-bye New Corinth is reached, built near the sea for greater safety after the great earthquake of 1858. But a carriage drive soon brings one to the Corinth of St. Paul, a squalid little village near the few remaining columns of its once famous temple, the temple which met the view of the great travelling apostle. Once 'the eye of Greece' from a military standpoint, and the scene of all that wickedness which its fine commercial position and its thousand priestesses of Venus brought to it; but to-day visited only because of its past. From the Acro-Corinthus you can look

down upon Cenchrea, the little port whence St. Paul embarked, and where, doubtless, he decided to write those letters which are known to us as *The Epistles to the Corinthians*. The prettiest sight we saw from this height was every now and again that of a mother and child on an ass led by the husband and father. In their Eastern dress they looked as like as possible to those pictures of *The Flight into Egypt* with which great painters have made us so familiar. But we had to re-enter the train, and soon found ourselves crossing

the New Corinth Canal, opened in 1893. Though so recently *un fait accompli*, it was devised by Hadrian and by Caesar, and Nero went still farther and set his engineers at work there; the remains of their attempt are still to be seen. Now we were at Eleusis, viewing the giant remains of that temple of mysteries in which were expressed the best feelings of man in the worship of Demeter. That goddess, according to legend, disguised as an old woman, came here in search of Persephone, her daughter, who had been carried off by Pluto. King Keleos received her graciously and gave her welcome, in return for which the goddess taught the king's young son, Triptolemus, the art of husbandry. The lost daughter was found, and an arrangement was made by which she was to stay above ground with her mother for two-thirds of the year and the remaining time under ground with her husband. The processes of vegetative life are clearly indicated in this myth, and in a very beautiful way. The great festivals of the Eleusians were established in honour of the gift of the goddess, which raised man from a nomadic to a settled life; and although we have no record of the specific character of the mysteries, we have it on the word of Cicero, one of the initiated, that they

taught men 'not only to live happily, but to die with a fairer hope.' This favoured spot was also the birth-place of Aeschylus. It still retains much of its primitive condition. Outside the cottage homes are beehive-shaped ovens; we wanted to see one closely, and looking over a low wall to do so, were welcomed nearer by a beautiful young woman, becomingly veiled, who with most natural politeness showed us her mode of oven-heating with wood. We wished we could have spoken the words that rose to our lips in her own language, but the language of the eye had to suffice, and perhaps was enough: it was at the railway station here that an official told us the eye language was the universal one. At that same station we asked for coffee, but not for more of it. Served *à la Turque*, very strong, nauseously sweet, and in very tiny cups, we wondered why this Ottoman abomination was allowed to survive like the bimble hats.

The next stopping place was Athens itself, but some time before reaching it we were made aware not only of its proximity but of its poverty, for irrepressible hotel agents boarded our train, clamouring for our patronage on the indisputable ground that each of them came from the best hotel in the city; and when the station was reached it seemed as though a street riot was at its height, but such was not the case: it was only further relays of hotel touts, plus cab-drivers and porters and shute-

THE ACROPOLIS, WITH THE PARTHENON.—IN THE FOREGROUND, THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.



blacks and a score of other people, ready to oblige for the smallest return. Athens is disappointing at first sight, especially at night. The electric light, the well-kept gardens in the squares, the fine modern hotels, the shops *à la Bond Street*, are not the things you have accustomed yourself to associate with the classic name. And yet it could scarcely be otherwise. In 1830, when the new little kingdom was casting about for a capital and had nothing but a little village here on the site of its ancient metropolis, it looked westward for a model and it took Paris for one, not only for its buildings, but for the dress of its richer people. And so it comes to pass you may think yourself in France or in London as you walk through the streets or mount a tramcar and pass shops which are showing Christy's hats or Doulton ware or Stephens' ink. But, nevertheless, the old jostles queerly with the new, for on the other side of the street you may see a flock of goats led to the door of a house from which comes a woman jug in hand to have her morning milk direct from nature's source; and you raise your eyes and there stands the *Acropolis* as it stood in the days of that trio of geniuses—Pericles, the law-giver who inspired the Parthenon; Ictinus, its architect; and Phidias, to whom the ornament is due. There this unrivalled building stands white and beautiful, but in ruins, as left by the Turks in 1688. The marbles lie about like gravestones in a crowded cemetery, and they tell a similar tale. You may see the socket in which was fixed the support of the forty-feet-high statue of the goddess Athene, in whose honour the temple was erected. During its building, the legend says, a workman fell from a height and was disabled, much to the regret of Ictinus, to whom the goddess considerably came in the night and pointed to the little *parthenon* plant as a healing remedy. Of course it succeeded, and there it grows to-day, and of course the sentimental of your party fail not to bring some of it away. And